

WA 198



YE OLE' SQUADRON SONG BOOK

ATTACK SQUADRON

ONE NINETY SIX

"THE YELLOW DEVILS"

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VERGER (SECRET, DISTRIBUTED
UNDER SEPARATE COVER)

DEDICATION

This book of songs,
colorful, sentimental
and, at times, bawdy,
is dedicated, not irreverently,
in memory of the one
who most enjoyed them.

May we be privileged
to enjoy life,
and these few songs,
with even half his fervor--

James Vincent O'keefe
LTJG USNR

(Lost at sea off
Kyushu, Japan while
serving aboard the
U.S.S. Bon Homme Richard
January 15, 1960)

ALMY MATER

Here's to VA One Nine Six
Loyal bastards we
True to self and CAG Nineteen
And our old AD

We pledge ourselves to beer and
whiskey
And to liberty
Here's to VA One Nine Six
Our Fraternity

WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RICE
(Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice in
Southern Honshu,
And the saki in the celler starts
to freeze,
When you whisper to your Jo-San
"sweetheart dozo,"
Then You're getting just a sukoshi
Nipponese

When the CO misses early morning
muster,
And the XO has the officers' disease,
And the pilots are all medically
restricted,
Then you're getting just a sukoshi
Nipponese

THE SAGA OF ONE NINER SIX

IV

Now our Air Group's the one
That is numbered NINETEEN,
We have four jet squadron's
And all four are keen,
But when there's a job
That just has to be done
They call out the AD's
And we have the fun.

Oh my god (1st Refrain)
What a fix
For this is the saga
Of ONE NINER SIX

I

They say in the Air Group
The jets are O.K.
If you can't hit the target
And don't need flight pay,
And if you fly Skyhawks
You sure can go fast,
But you will not go far
For your fuel won't last.

Here's till hell (2nd Refrain)
Starts to freeze
The best god damned pilots
Are still in AD's

(2)

II

Now Grumman makes the Tiger
And it sure is a beaut,
It's worthless for fighting
But the girls think it's cute,
It screams through the air
In excess of Mach one,
But it's grounded most always
'cause the damned thing won't run.

(Refrain 1)

III

Oh the Demon's the plane
That is called the White Whale,
But you're bound to be safe
If it gets on your tail,
For the guns won't fire straight
When you get in a fight,
And the pilots are "candies"
Who won't fly at night.

(Refrain 2)

V

Oh the AD's a plane
That will fly day or night,
Its pilots are bastards
Who love a good fight,
And when the fights over
You'll hear them all yell,
"We're the Navy's SPAD drivers
And have flown through hell."

(Refrain 1)

(3)

THE SAGA OF THE A-25

They say in the Air Force
A landing's O.K.
If you prang your aircraft
And still walk away,
But in the fleet air arm
The prospects are grim,
If the landing's piss-poor
And the pilot can't swim.

Cracking show
I'm alive
But I still have to render
My A-25

When the batsman says "lower"
I always go higher,
I drift off to starboard
And prang my Seafire,
The boys in the goofers
All think I am green,
But I get my commission
From Supermarine.

(Refrain)

I thought I was coming
In low enough, but,
I was sixty feet high
When the batsman said "Cut",
And loud in my ears
The sweet angels they sang,

(4)

"Float, float, float, float,
float, float,
Bury your prang."

(Refrain)

I was sitting on the booster
Awaiting the kick,
Amusing myself by
Rotating the stick,
When all of a sudden
My engine went "Cough",
"Gor Blimey," said Wings
"He has tossed himself off."

(Refrain)

I was roaring down the flight deck
In my motly Mark-4,
And loud in my ears
Came the Cyclone's sweet roar,
"Chuff-clink-clink, chuff-clink-
clink, chuff-clink-clink-clink,"
Away wing on pom-pom,
Away kite in the drink.

(Refrain)

They gave me a Seafire
To beat up the fleet,
I beat up the Nelson and
Rodney a treat,
But forgot the tall mast that
Sticks out from fore-mid,
A seat in the goofers
Was worth forty quid.

(5)

(Refrain)

(slower)

I fly for a living
And not just for fun,
I'm not specially keen for a
Crack at the Hun,
And as for deck landings
At night in the dark,
As I told Wings this morning
" _____ that for a lark!"

(Refrain)

AIR FORCE HYMN

Off we go-, out on a one hour
Test hop,
Over the land, but never the sea,
For this feat we get a
Ten day furlough,
A raise in rank, and a DFC,
We are men if you can judge
By medals,
For we have medals galore,
We're off-to kill-ourselves-
And we will
For nothing can stop the
US Air Farce !

EARLY ABORT
(McNamara's Band)

My name's Commander Franger
I'm the leader of the Group,
I'll come into your Ready Room
And give you all the poop,
I'll tell you where the Commies are
And where the flak is black,
I'll be the first one off the deck,
I'll be the first one back.

Early abort --avoid the rush,
Early abort --avoid the rush,
Early abort --avoid the rush,
Oh, the raggedy ass CAG is on parade

My name's Commander "Smiley" Payne
I lead ONE NINETY TWO,
'S long's the weather's VFR
My boys will follow through,
But let a s'koski cloud appear
A way off in the sky,
They'll say y'all can go to hell
We've no desire to fly.

(Refrain)

I'm sure you've heard of 193
And all the things they do,
But if you'll come down to the line
You'll see they're far from true,
When Dickson says they're ready

There surely is no doubt,
But just before the launch you'll
Hear "My radar won't check out."

(Refrain)

Now the Skyhawk is the little plane
That was to save the fleet,
They gave it to O'Conner's boys
They really think it's neat,
They don't have many wave offs
And bolters they are few,
For when the Captain says "Go Fly"
They say here's what we'll do,

(Refrain)

Oh Jerry's pilots talk and talk
Of breaking through Mach one,
They'll tell you of the many shows
And other things they've done,
They do a wicked Diamond Roll
While burners blast away,
But try to send them out on CAP
And this is what they say,

(Refrain)

I'm sure you know the story
Of the leaders of the staff,
All day they sit behind their desks
And you can hear them laugh,
With words they fight a damned good
war

And say they would go too,
But strap an airplane on their ass
And here's what they would do,

(Refrain)

Now we'er the guys who fly the SPADS
We really give 'em hell,
We fly them every day and night
And do it very well,
Oh Raleigh says "Go bomb the Reds"
We take off right away,
The airframe's tired, the engines
shot,
But we would never say,

(Refrain)

HOME ON THE SEA
(Home on the Range)

We sail Boney Dick
Over ocean so srick,
And we come to old Yoko-suka,
There we go on the loose
And soak up all the booze,
And our honor we all stand to lose.

Back, back on the sea,
Where a sailors life it will be,
There we cannot get loose
And there ain't any booze,
And our honor is safe as can be.

AD JONES
(Casey Jones)

He was turmin' on to final
Doin' ninety miles an hour,
When the LSO was heard to scream,
Then they pulled him from the water
With his hand around the throttle
And the mixture in automatic lean,
Now the Wright Rep said "It
Couldn't be the engine,
For the goddamn thing will never
Stop,"

So what could be fairer than to
Call it pilot error 'cause it
Couldn't be the goddamn prop.

AD Jones --with his hand on the
Throttle,

AD Jones --with his head up his ass,
AD Jones --fished from the briny,
Engine quit when he poured on the
Gas.

PARTIES

Parties make the world go 'round
Parties make the world go 'round
Parties make the world go 'round
Let's have a party!

I JUST GOT ANOTHER WAVE OFF
(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I have started close aboard
And overshot the groove,
I have boltered from the deck
But what's it gonna prove,
The LSO will kill me yet
But what you gonna do,
I'll make the bastard jump into
The net.

I just got another wave off,
I just got another wave off,
I just got another wave off,
But I made the bastard jump into
the net.

If the ship is on my wing he says
I am too close it seems,
But if I move a foot more out
I'm way too wide abeam,
If he waves me off again
I'm ready and I'm set-
I'll make the bastard jump into
the net.

(Refrain)

ON NEXT CHRISTMAS
(Brother John)

On next Christmas,
On next Christmas,
Save the tree, Save the tree,
Stuff it up the chimney,
Stuff it up the chimney,
Goose St. Nick, Goose St. Nick.

On Thanksgiving, On Thanksgiving,
Don't eat bread, Don't eat bread,
Stuff it up the turkey,
Stuff it up the turkey,
Eat the bird, Eat the bird.

OKINAWA
(Oklahoma)

O-O-O-O-kinawa where the smell comes
Sweepin' cross the shacks,
And the wavin' rice, can sure smell
Nice,
When the honeybucket's poured in
Sacks;
O-O-O-O-kinawa every night my
girlie-san and me,
Sit alone and pet
And try not to get
That nasty old stuff called V.D.
Oh we know that we came to this
place,
And the smell puts wrinkles in our

face,
And when we say-----Uhg!
My gawd take us home,
We're only saying
You're pretty bad Okinawa-
Okinawa. . . . Good Gad!

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped beside
a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited
till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
with me!"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
with me!
And he sang as he watched and
waited till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
with me!"

Down came a jumbuck to drink
at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed
him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that
jumbuck in his tucker bag,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
with me!"

(Refrain)

(last three lines of preceeding
verse)

Up rode the squatter, mounted on
his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two,
three,

"Who's the jolly jumbuck you've got
in your tucker bag?"

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
with me!"

(Refrain)

Up jumped the swagman, sprang
into the billabong,

"You'll never catch me alive,"
said he,

And his ghost may be heard as
you pass by that billabong,

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda
with me!"

(Refrain)

Swagman: a man on tramp carrying
his swag, which means a bundle
wrapped up in a blanket.

Billabong: a water hole in the dried
up bed of a river.

Coolibah: eucalyptus tree

Jumbuck: a sheep.

TOO-RA-LIE

The officers ride in a motor boat
The admiral rides in his barge,
It don't go a goddamn bit faster
But it gives the old bastard a charge.

Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie,
Too-ra-lie, oo-ra-lie, ay,
(Last two lines of each verse)

The sailors they ride in a whaleboat
The captain he rides in his gig,
It don't go a goddamn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

(Refrain)

The officers eat in the wardroom
The captain don't eat with the boys,
He don't eat a goddamn bit better
The old bastard just can't stand the
noise.

(Refrain)

The sailors they sleep in their
hammocks
The captain he sleeps in a bed,
He don't sleep a goddamn bit better
But he's twenty feet nearer the head.

(Refrain)

Oh the skipper he leads all the sqd.
The Pilots all follow behind,
He can't fly a goddamn bit better
In fact the old bastard is blind.

(Refrain)

The pilots fly any old airplane
The skipper flies four zero one,
He don't fly a goddamn bit faster
But it gives the old bastard his fun

(Refrain)

The sexual life of a camel
Is greater than most people think,
One night in a fit of wild passion
He tried to deflower the sphinx,

Now the sphinx's posterior orifice
Is filled with the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the
 camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

(Refrain)

ANOTHER DRINK

I think we need another drink-- Hey!
I think we need another drink-- Hey!
I think we need another drink
For the glory of ONE NINETY SIX

(16)

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

'Twas a cold winter's evening
The guests were all leaving,
O'leary was closing the bar,
When he turned and he said
To the lady in red--

"Get out, you can't stay where you
 are"

So she shed a sad tear in her bucket
 of beer,

As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped
 out of the phone booth
And these are the words that he said,

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Fly-Fly boys
And how they come and go,
She's lost her youth and her beauty
And life has left it's sad scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters
 boys

And let her sleep under the bar."

OLD NAIROBI "U"

Oh we're from Nairobi
Our team is a good team,
We play the Watutsi
They're seven feet tall,
The cannibals may eat us

(17)

But they'll never beat us,
'Cause we're from Nairobi
And we're on the ball

Singing: Um Ga Wa - Um Ga Wa
Um Ga Wa - Um Ga Wa
Um Ga Wa - Um Ga Wa
Um Ga Wa Wa!

(A SONG)

There were ten old AD's
parked on the apron,
And room for many more,
But BWeps says we've cut
appropriations
And you may have to fly barn doors,
Now the Air Force says
We don't need a navy,
The B-52 has class,
We'll keep it in the air for 24 hours
And win the war twice as fast,
So we'll drink a toast to Naval
Aviation,
Our problem's clear as a bell,
If we have our way they'll increase
the Navy,
And the Air Force can go to :

Hand on the throttle!
Give 'er the gas!
Feet on the rudders!
Head up your-- Off we go,

into the Empire State Building--
C R A S H !!

I hear those gentle voices calling--
HEY JOE!!

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

From the tables down at Morie's,
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we love
so well,
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing
Casts its spell.

Yes the magic of their singing
All the songs we love so well,
Shall I wasting and Mauvourine
and the rest,
We will serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten
With the rest.

We're poor little lambs
Who have lost our way, Bah, Bah, Bah,
We are little black sheep
Who have gone astray, Bah, Bah, Bah,
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Doomed from here to eternity,
Lord have mercy on such as we,
Bah, Bah, Bah.

SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town,
It's roof is so slanty it touches the ground,
It's a tumble down shack, by an old railroad track,
Like a millionaires mansion, keeps callin' me back,
Id' be just as happy if I were a king,
It's not just a palace it's my everything,
There's a queen waiting there, with a silvery crown,
In my shanty in old shanty town.

There's a shanty in a town,
on a little plot of ground,
Where the green grass grows all around, all around
's roofs' so worn, so badly torn
that it tumbles to the ground,
It's a tumble down shack and it's built way back,
About twenty five feet from the railroad track,
Lingers on my mind most all of the time,
Keeps callin' me back to my tumble down shack.

I'd be just as sassy as Haille Salassie,
If I were a king, wouldn't mean a thing,
With my boots on call, read the writen' on the wall
And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a dog gone thing,
There's a queen waitin' there in a rockin' chair,
Just blowing her top on gin and beer,
Lookin' all around and truckin' on down,
'Cause I gotta get back to my Shanty Town.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH

Oh the moon will shine tonite along the Wabash,
From the field there comes the smell of new-mown hay,
Through the sycamores the candle light is streaming,
On the banks of that Wabash far away.

ROLLING DOWN THE FLIGHT DECK

Rolling down the flight deck
Headed for Peiping,
Our load is for the commies
We'll give them everything,
We rolled in on the target
And hit the pickle quick,
We dropped our load and looked
around
My god the flak was thick.

Oh hallelujah! Oh hallelujah!
Throw a nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilots _____,
Oh hallelujah! Oh hallelujah!
Throw a nickle on the grass
And you'll be saved.

North of Hungnam Alley
I looked down at the ground,
And in a little valley
A mule was runnin' 'round
I set up all my switches
And rolled in with a yell,
Rockets, bombs, and napalm
I missed him big as hell!

(Refrain)

I turned into the pattern
To me it looked all right,
I turned into the final

My god I wrapped it tight,
The airplane gave a shudder
The engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday! Mayday! Mister Felling
Spin instructions please.

(Refrain)

The A4D's are "scooters"
And sure can lug the freight,
And on a long range mission
The pilots say they're great,
Now they fly two point zero
And claim their tails are sore,
But we don't call them long
range hops
'Less they're 15 hours or more.

(Refrain)

WABASH BLUES

Oh those Wabash Blues,
I know I got my dues,
A lonesome soul am I,
I feel that I could die,
Candle light that streams,
Haunts me in my dreams,
I'll pack my walking shoes,
To lose thoes Wabash Blues.



